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FARE THEE WELL KITTY DEAR.

I saw the smile of evening die
In beauty, on a southern sky ;
And as I marked that fairy scene,
So mild, so lovely and serene,
A strange wild sound, yet sweet and clear,
In tones like these, I chanced to hear :

Chorus.—Fare thee well, Kitty Dear,
Thou art sleeping in thy grave so low
Never more, Kitty Dear,
Wilt thou listen to my old banjo.
Fare thee well, Kitty, fare the well Kitty
Fare thee well, Kitty Dear,
Fare thee well, Kitty, fare thee well Kitty
Fare thee well, Kitty Dear.

Though Afric's son that strain awoke,
A language to my soul it spoke
That seemed my restless soul to quell,
And hold me captive to its spell ;
How much of feeling, deep and strong,
Was blended in that artless song—
Fare thee well, &c.

Though years, since then, have rolled away,
The echo of that simple lay
Comes e'er me when with care oppress'd,
And soothes my troubled heart to rest ;
Nor will I, till my latest hour,
Forget the magic of its power.
Fare thee well, &c.

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KITTY DEAR. FARE THEE WELL

I saw the smile of evening die
 In beauty, on a southern sky;
 And as I marked that fairy scene,
 So mild, so lovely and serene,
 A strange wild sound, yet sweet and clear,
 In tones like thine, I chanced to hear:

Chorus—Fare thee well, Kitty Dear,
 Thou art sleeping in thy grave so low
 Never more, Kitty Dear,
 Will thou listen to my old banjo.
 Fare thee well, Kitty, fare thee well, Kitty
 Fare thee well, Kitty Dear,
 Fare thee well, Kitty, fare thee well, Kitty
 Fare thee well, Kitty Dear.

Though Africa's son that strain awoke,
 A language to my soul it spoke
 That seemed my restless soul to quell,
 And held me captive to its spell;
 How much of feeling, deep and strong,
 Was blended in that artless song—
 Fare thee well, So.

Though years, since then, have rolled away,
 The echo of that simple lay
 Comes o'er me when with care oppressed,
 And soothes my troubled heart to rest;
 Nor will I till my latest hour,
 Forget the magic of its power.
 Fare thee well, So.

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